

Press-Herald

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A Champion Is Gone

Hundreds of friends and associates said farewell this week to Bynner Martin, publisher of the San Pedro News-Pilot since 1948 and a strong booster for the port city of San Pedro since 1929.

With the death of the popular publisher, the Harbor Area lost one of its most respected champions. Mr. Martin was among the leaders in the fight to establish Los Angeles as one of the world's leading seaport cities.

It was not surprising, his friend, the Rev. Andrew McCormack, said at Monday's services, that Mr. Martin was stricken while returning from a civic meeting. His list of accomplishments for civic groups is an impressive memorial to his profession as a newsman.

Mr. Martin commanded the friendship and respect of everyone he met, within and outside of his profession. He was proud to be a newsman and insisted often to friends that he wanted to be considered a working publisher. He wrote regularly for his newspaper, attended many civic meetings on behalf of his newspaper, and was active in professional newspaper organizations.

He was active in the YMCA, the Red Cross, and service clubs. He served as a director for San Pedro's hospital. He took an active role in defense measures in the Harbor Area during World War II.

The list of those groups and organizations to which he had given active support during his many years in the San Pedro community would comprise nearly every group in the area.

The death of Mr. Martin leaves vacancies throughout the community which will be apparent to those who must take up the reins he held.

We shall miss him . . . as a friend and as a colleague.

JAMES DORAIS

Political Smog Fills the Air

The legislative hassle involving the installation of smog control devices on used cars has obscured one important aspect of the problem—namely, the present devices required on all new cars sold in California fall far short of the eventual goal of eliminating air pollution from automobile exhausts.

The controversy, however, has served the useful purpose of focussing public attention on the now generally accepted fact that the automobile is the chief villain in the smog picture, particularly in the smog-ridden Los Angeles basin.

For years, public authorities and private groups concerned with the problem have appeared to blame everything else—chiefly oil-burning industrial plants and steam generating plants—presumably on the theory that only a few people own such plants whereas everybody owns a car.

In 1958, at the urging of the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control District, Los Angeles County enacted an ordinance known as Rule 62, which prohibited the burning of any liquid fuel containing more than 0.5 per cent sulfur during the seven warmer months of the year. Since its enactment, smog has often occurred during periods when no fuel oil has been burned, and, conversely, many smog-free days have occurred when large amounts of fuel oil have been burned.

So understandably emotional is the smog problem, however, that regardless of

the demonstrated lack of correlation between properly controlled oil burning and smog, Rule 62 was extended a year ago banning fuel oil the year around, except for any days on which natural gas is not available as a substitute.

Currently, the Los Angeles smog problem is very much at issue in complicated hearings before the Federal Power Commission in Washington, D. C., involving proposals of Texas natural gas producers to build a pipeline to Southern California to deliver gas direct to steam generating plants, thus avoiding California Public Utilities Commission regulation over prices.

A thoroughly qualified and disinterested expert, Dr. Leslie Silverman, head of the Department of Industrial Hygiene in the Harvard School of Public Health, has testified, in effect, that Los Angeles' much touted Rule 62 has contributed nothing to the problem of freeing the area from the scourge of smog.

Dr. Silverman's principal point was that banning of fuel oil results only in the reduction of sulfur oxides in the air, that levels of sulfur dioxide in Los Angeles "present no hazard to public health," that these levels are "extremely low by comparison with levels in other American and European cities," and that there is no direct correlation between sulfur dioxide and smog.

The base material for producing photochemical smog and visibility loss, he testified, is formed by hydrocarbons from automotive exhausts.

Morning Report:

It was all as homey as frozen apple pie. There was Lyndon Johnson in his red pajamas with a bad cold. And telling everybody that he caught the darned thing from Mrs. Johnson. But ready to get back to the office at a moment's notice if he had to.

I'm not telling the color of my pajamas but I know all my colds come from the distaff side.

Still, although we catch our colds in the same way, Mr. Johnson's poses a more serious problem. That problem is that if Vice President Hubert Humphrey became President, the next in line would be two old codgers: John McCormack, 74, and Carl Hayden, 87.

Abe Mellinkoff



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

U.S. Becoming Involved In Congo as in Saigon?

For most of a decade we have been involved, more or less, in a civil war in Indochina. For some years it has been notorious that the United States is backing a loser in Saigon, and Washington can no longer talk of total victory over the Viet Cong rebels.

It is a stalemate, and the Americans don't like it, but their world commitments are so vast and vague they content themselves with fussing and cynicism. But they would like to get out, and if they did, they feel it would have taught them a lesson.

Would it? We are now in what appears to be the opening phases of the same sticky situation in the Congo, a quagmire with all the familiar, Indochinese attributes—rebel guerrillas with formidable successes, American "advisers" to the beleaguered central government, American war gear.

This is more hush-hush, on a smaller scale, and less fluid than in Saigon. We all know we have 22,000 "advisers" there, and that a Saigon government doesn't know in the morning if it will be on the run at nightfall. Moreover, our armed forces are actually operating some combat craft.

While in the Congo, President Tshombe isn't threatened with saboteurs, or a daily coup preparing under his nose. Tshombe's rebellion is still in the east, several hundred miles from his capital. American "advice" is not open, and American equipment is farmed out to mercenaries.

But the principle involved differs little from the Indochina principle, and it is early yet. Tshombe's civil war promises to escalate, to use Pentagon jargon, so do we escalate with it?

Under an assistance agreement, we give equipment

and training to the Congolese army. We have given them six T-28s, and five B-26 bombers, with Cuban crews to fly them. They have four C-123 transports, and three big helicopters. Our "advisers" and training teams come from MacDill Air Force Base in Florida.

But experts doubt if this limited aid will save Tshombe from the reorganized rebels around Leopoldville. Soviet-manufactured arms are now going to the rebels via Algeria and Egypt, and rebel leaders are conferring in Cairo and Kenya. This is a new turn, for Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania, the last two adjoining the Congo, are apparently backing the rebels.

Many of the new African nations consider Tshombe a "traitor" to Africans. How come we seem to be unflinching in picking potential losers, or outright losers, in our crusade to save mankind?

BOOKS by William Hogan

Sir Alister Hardy Tells The History of the Sea

There is a drawing in Sir Alister Hardy's "The Open Sea: Its Natural History," of five stages in the development of the flipper of an embryo porpoise. I suppose everyone who has dabbled in marine biology knows this—but I was astonished to find the typical five-fingered hand of this creature becomes modified into a plane-flipper as it grows. Same with whales. And the polar bear, a superb swimmer, spends much of his waking life in deep water seeking food, because there is precious little on the ice ashore where he presumably belongs.

When the vertebrates conquered the land, Sir Alister tells us in this astonishing book (which the layman can read with pleasure and excitement), they went on multiplying till competition became so great that several lines of reptiles, for instance, were forced back into the sea for a living. Whales had enormous elephantine feet when they lived on land. They were forced back into the sea for a variety of reasons: one possibly having to do with those awkward feet; the other was food. Will man, due to ever population, be forced to repeat this pattern?

Discussing the enormous subject of marine biology in the role of a fatherly, if scholarly, guide, Sir Alister

refuses to speculate on such a science-fiction level. He does suggest that we will return to the sea in another way—to tend "farms" on the ocean's bottom, or along the vast stretches of the continental shelf, in an effort to increase our food supply.

"The Open Sea" is really two books—separately paged and indexed; one is "The World of Plankton," the second, "Fish and Fisheries." The size of the work by this eminent British biological scholar might be enough to scare off the average reader. I stumbled into it by looking at the illustrations: drawings, maps, photographs and the author's striking painting of undersea specimens (varieties of plankton; color changes in the squid, or a blue-throated Norway haddock), which remain part of the charm and wonder of this book.

From there was enticed into the text, which is not at all overly technical, as I suspected, but as absorbing as Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us." The aim of this book (or books) is to give the general reader an account of the natural history of the open sea and to show how, with only modest equipment, he might see something of this strange world for himself.

While the project focuses chiefly on marine life off

the coasts of the British Isles and the data assessed lies closer to the University of Aberdeen than to the United States, Sir Alister's undersea province is representative and absorbing. It is not Jacques Cousteau, understand, with his elaborate aqua-lung gear engaged in dramatic archeology. This is a probing and wandering through a scientific specialty that, like the work of marine ecologists, is only in its infancy.

The book suggests that what lies unknown under the world's oceans is as challenging to our imagination as the mysteries of outer space—and far more accessible. It is already recognized as a distinguished work of marine biology. For the inquiring lay reader, it is an introduction to a whole new wide, wonderful world.

Quote

A university's courage is human, and it is through this human currency that it contributes to society. — J. E. Wallace Sterling, Stanford President.

Decision is a sharp knife that cuts clean and straight; indecision a dull one that hacks and tears and leaves ragged edges behind it. — Gordon Graham.

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Vitality, Integrity Are America's Real Strength

(To Our Readers: In order to complete a book, now in the making for several years, upon the urging of my publishers, I'm taking a leave of absence from "After Hours" until further notice. It's not easy to break the continuity of 27 years . . . and forego our weekly visits. I am grateful to our readers and publishers included in our syndication for their generous expression of loyalty and good will. 'Til we meet again . . . John Morley.)

- The strength of our country abroad is not in our military hardware or our wealth. It's in our vitality and integrity.
- All of us need an enemy or two from time to time to loosen the rust from the moving parts of our mind.
- Marx and communism are frauds because they pretend to want the happiness of the proletariat . . . then they really want the unhappiness of the bourgeoisie.
- No one seems to notice those who constantly betray humanity . . . but if one betrays the rules of a club, he is ostracized as a renegade.
- A lot of people will argue and wrangle for religion . . . write about it . . . fight and die for it. Almost anything, but live for it.
- Modern life is too complex for those who try to keep up with it all the way.

- Many of our troubles arise from ignorance of nature. When I was a boy, I had the idea that when my father lost his hair, other hair would grow automatically.
- When any society stops respecting mothers and women, it has lost its symbol. When one loses this symbol, one grasps another and it is usually hate. No tyranny in history was ever possible until the symbol of womanhood was undermined or destroyed. This will be the ultimate destruction of communism and socialism.
- Any person who values a good night's rest is not likely to do too many bad things.
- A nation will decay if it only followed the methods of its forefathers.
- You can't appreciate home until you leave it . . . and your wife until she becomes president of a woman's club.
- It's a hard-skinned man who can look at a nice clean shirt in a drawer and not say thanks to somebody.
- Writing is like fishing. You nibble on an idea and put it on the typewriter keys and you don't know whether it's a minnow or a marlin until the letters reel in.
- The public seldom forgives three times.
- May God deliver us from the lies of otherwise respected men.

- Almost every man in reviewing his past was up at 5 a.m. each morning, no matter what time it was . . . and he was the greatest athlete no matter if the coach didn't discover it.
- There is nothing more irritating than a woman who less intelligence and more sense.
- I trust just about all people. Which makes me gullible. But the gullible is the gainer in almost every case . . . for it is he who gets the most surprises, adventure and thrill out of life . . . even at a price.
- Religion is the forerunner of international law . . . because it alone can create the international spirit and climate for world betterment.
- If one cheerfully bears his cross . . . it will bear him better than any other prop in the world.
- Press a good thing too far and you spoil it. The last drop of juice from an orange is bitter.
- Great men have suffered for daring to be controversial. Jesus was crucified for his vigorous and uncompromising pronouncements on controversial matters. If He had confined himself to Mickey Mouse morals, he would have never been heard of.
- Those persons who miss an opportunity of saying something good about somebody or something cannot be trusted with anything.

Our Man Hoppe

The Plot Has An Awful Twist

By Arthur Hoppe

The Reverend Mr. Noebel, a true evangelist, is going around the country preaching a sermon entitled, "Communism, Hypnotism and the Beatles," in which he warns patriotic groups of the dire Kremlin plot to brainwash the little minds of our little teen-agers with Beetle-type music.

For sheer horror, I can think of no more insidious plot now going. And I'm sure that every parent of every teen-aged daughter in the land will nod and say, "I knew it all the time."

But unfortunately, the good Reverend has very little scientific evidence to back up his charges. So to help out, in this hour of our nation's peril, I determined to conduct a carefully controlled experiment.

First, I purchased a record by the popular new singing group, The Sewer Rats, which, from the picture on the cover, appears to consist of four guitar-playing sheep dogs accompanied by an Abominable Snowman on the drums. Their hit piece, if I understood the lyrics correctly, is entitled "I Wanna Mumble Your Grmph."

I then enlisted the services of 14-year-old Miss Jani (nee Jane) Erstwhiler, who, on hearing I had this latest record, generously volunteered to undergo the grueling experiment. With a shriek.

Miss Erstwhiler's initial reaction to the sounds emitted by the recording would have gratified the good Reverend Noebel. Not to mention Dr. Pavlov. Her knees sagged, her shoulders began to twitch, her arms gyrated over her head in inane circles and her eyes glazed in what was obviously some form-of-catatonic trance.

It was then that I took out my notepad and pencil and commenced the historic experiment to determine the causal factors inducing such a state.

"Miss Erstwhiler," I said, in measured scientific tones, "do you subscribe to the Marxist dialectic that thesis and antithesis invariably combine to form synthesis?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," responded the subject.

"And what is your reaction," I grimly went on, "to the statement: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs?'"

"EEEE-YOW!" said Miss Erstwhiler, her elbows pumping back and forth.

"Is it your belief?" I pressed relentlessly on, "that the exploited workers of the world must inevitably unite to cast off the shackles of a decadent Capitalistic system?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Miss Erstwhiler, rocking from side to side with her eyes closed.

"May we assume then that in your present state you are a confirmed advocate of dialectical materialism?"

"EEEE-YOW!" said Miss Erstwhiler, sinking almost to her knees as her head jerked spasmodically.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah."

Oh, there can be no doubt, fellow Americans, that Reverend Noebel is dead right. And I for one will never rest until we have stamped out forever this greatest of all menaces to our domestic peace and tranquility.

For, speaking as a parent myself, I know that not until we achieve "Total Victory" can we devote our attention to the minor, secondary menaces which threaten our way of life. Like Communism.